fathers tenant this forescore---

Glost. Away, get thee away, good friend be gon,
Thy comforts can doe me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old man. Alack sir, you cannot see your way.

Glost. I haue no way, and therefore want no eyes,
I stumbled when I saw, full oft tis seene
Our meanes secure vs, and our meare defects
Proue our comodities, ah deere sonne *Edgar*,
The food of thy abused fathers wrath,
Might I but liue to see thee in my tuch,
Id'e say I had eyes againe.

Old man. How now whose there?

Edg. O Gods, who ist can say I am at the worst,
I am worse then ere I was.

Old man. Tis poore mad *Tom*.

Edg. And worse I may be yet, the worst is not,
As long as we can say, this is the worst.

Old man. Fellow where goest?

Glost. Is it a begger man?

Old man. Mad man, and begger to.

Glost. A has some reason, else he could not beg,
In the last nights storme I such a fellow saw,
Which made me thinke a man a worme, my sonne
Came then into my mind, and yet my mind (since,
Was then scarce friendes with him, I haue heard more
As flies are toth' wanton boyes, are we toth' Gods,
They bitt vs for their sport.

Edg. How should this be, bad is the trade that must play the
foole to sorrow angring it selfe and others, blesse thee maister.

Glost. Is that the naked fellow?

Old man. I my Lord.

Glost. Then prethee get thee gon, if for my sake
Thou wilt oretake vs here a mile or twaine
Ith' way toward Douer, doe it for ancient loue
And bring some couering for this naked soule
Who Ile intreate to leade me.

Old man. Alack sir he is mad.

Glost.

Glost. Tis the times plague, when madmen lead the
Doe as I bid thee, or rather doe thy pleasure, (blind,
Aboue the rest, be gon.

Old man. Ile bring him the best parrell that I haue
Come on't what will.

Glost. Sirrah naked fellow.

Edg. Poore *Toms* a cold, I cannot dance it farther.

Glost. Come hither fellow.

Edg. Blesse thy sweete eyes, they bleed.

Glost. Knowst thou the way to Douer?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way, and foot-path,
Poore *Tom* hath beene scard out of his good wits,
Blesse the good man from the foule fiend,
Fiue fiends haue beene in poore *Tom* at once,
Of lust, as *Obidicut*, *Hobbididence* Prince of dumbnes,
Mahu of stealing, *Modo* of murder, *Stiberdigebit* of
Mobing, & *Mobing* who since possesses chambermaids
And waiting women, so, blesse thee maister. (plagues.

Glost. Here take this purse, thou whome the heauens
Haue humbled to all strokes, that I am wretched, makes
The happier, heauens deale so still, (thee
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man
That stands your ordinance, that will not see
Because he does not feele, feele your power quickly,
So distribution should vnder excesse,
And each man haue enough, dost thou know Douer?

Edg. I master.

Glost. There is a cliffe whose high & bending head
Lookes firmely in the confined deepe,
Bring me but to the very brimme of it
And ile repaire the misery thou dost beare
With something rich about me,
From that place I shal no leading need.

Edg. Giue me thy arme poore *Tom* shall lead thee.

Enter Gonorill and Bastard.

Gon. Welcome my Lord, I maruaile our mild husband
Not met vs on the way, now wher's your maister?

Enter Steward.

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